

And if I may just take your breath away by HighLadyoftheCourtofDreams

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Summary: Steve is an asshole that hates working in Scoops Ahoys. Robin hates Steve. Steve tries to make her fall in love with him just to hurt her and ends up falling for her. Or the Ice-Cream Shop AU in which two idiots fall in love.

1. Chapter 1

A.N: If you enjoy this, please consider leaving a positive review. I'm open to suggestions, so don't hesitate to let me know if you have some.

Title from the song "Sweater Weather" by The Neighbourhood

Fuck you, Dad, Steve thought to himself as he watched himself in the mirror. He was wearing his stupid sailor costume, hat and all, which was mandatory at his new place of employment. *Scoops Ahoy*. What the hell did Ice Cream have to do with sailing? Seriously, what kind of idiot came up with that idea?

Someone smart enough to have his own business while you couldn't even get into Tech, his Dad's voice echoed in his head.

Having to spend the summer working for minimum wage wasn't punishment enough. Apparently, there was no place for him to change in the shop, so he had to arrive already dressed up. There was nothing more embarrassing than running into an old classmate of his in this thing. Nothing except having to serve them.

Steve sighed. This summer was going to be hell.

He was supposed to arrive at least thirty minutes before opening so he could be taught the basics. Even though it wasn't explicitly mentioned, Steve had imagined that his training would be done by the same guy that had hired him and not from a girl around his age, wearing the same costume as he did. In hindsight, it made more sense than a middle-aged manager showing him how to scoop up ice-cream.

"Are you slow or something?"

Shit. He had been staring at her. "No. No, I'm not- I didn't- I thought-" He was making a fool of himself. *Great*. It's not like the girl was girlfriend material -she was too plain and not girly enough- but he did have a reputation to uphold. He took a deep breath and tried again, this time flashing her his signature smile. "Hi, I'm-"

"I know who you are." She said coldly. "Stop embarrassing yourself and listen." She proceeded to name all the flavors they offered, explain the rules and make him memorize a variety of trademark phrases they were supposed to say to customers.

Steve only half-listened. He couldn't imagine what he could have done to make that girl be so openly hostile against him. Had they dated? The prospect sounded ridiculous; she wasn't remotely his type. Maybe she had a crush on him. He had seen girls react to heartbreak; it wasn't pretty.

When their shift was ending Steve mustered up the courage to confront her about. They were going to spend the entire summer working together. Whatever it was that had made her despise him needed to be put behind them or it would be a very long summer. He told her as much.

She laughed humorlessly. "You didn't do anything to me, Steve."

He gave her a puzzled look, his eyebrows knitting together. "Then why are you acting like that?"

"Because I don't like you. In case you haven't noticed, you are an asshole, Steve Harrington."

When he returned home he couldn't stop thinking about her. He couldn't shake the need to make her like him. It's not like *he* liked *her*, but he was used to having people -especially the ladies- love him. Of course many classmates of his secretly hated him, but they would have rather died than admitted that in front of his face. Who the hell did she think she was?

Steve realized that he still didn't know her name. He hadn't remembered to ask. Hell, he hadn't even bothered reading it from the name-tag that was dangling from her shirt. She was right. He *was* an asshole.

When he saw her the next day he made sure to look at her name-tag as discreetly as possible before telling her with a smug smile, "Good morning, Robin."

She looked genuinely surprised. Before Steve could congratulate himself for managing to impress her with minimal effort she said, voice dripping with sarcasm, "Who knew you could read."

"And somehow *I* am the asshole."

After spending the better part of his shift trying to be nice to her and going out of his way to help and not hearing a single *thank you*, Steve officially declared Robin a waste of time. Not that he had anything else to do, but still, he was done trying to thaw the Ice Princess.

Despite having terrible co-workers, working at *Scoops Ahoy* wasn't half that bad. Just when Steve was starting to accept the possibility that things weren't that terrible after all, Billy Hargrove walked into the shop, his arm wrapped around a pretty girl Steve recognized from school.

Shit. Shitshitshit. There was no way in hell he was going to out there. Billy was never going to let him forget this. As much as begging Robin humiliated him, it was nowhere near the dreadful feeling that came with Billy's taunts.

"Hey, could you go serve them?"

"It's your turn, Harrington."

"I know it's my turn, Robin." He told her as calmly and politely as he could manage. "But I'm *asking* you to do me a favor and go serve them." He then added reluctantly, "I'll owe you."

"Hmmm... Let me think about it." Steve watched her pretend to be in deep thought and resisted rolling his eyes. "Nope."

"Oh, come on, Robin. For God's sake."

"What's your problem?"

"I know him from school, okay? We weren't on the best terms."

"And you are too embarrassed to have him learn you work at an ice cream shop."

He gave her a look that said, *Isn't it obvious?* "I mean, if it wasn't for bad luck I would have been in college. It's not like I'm a loser like-" He stopped himself too late.

"Like *me*." If Steve didn't know better, he would have thought that Robin sounded hurt. "You know what, fuck you. You *still* think you are better than me, better than *everybody* else. Well, newsflash, Steve, you are not. Serving your *friend* will perhaps help you realize it."

He swallowed up his anger, letting it grow inside of him. He could have shouted at her, in fact he really wanted to, but he didn't. It wouldn't achieve anything and Robin deserved to be taught a lesson. He knew girls like her, the ones that pretend that they are too cool to bother with social constructs such as popularity even though they are dying to be popular themselves. He was going to be nice to her. In fact, he was going to be so good and sweet that she would fall head over heels for him. And then he would shatter her black heart into a million pieces. It was nothing he hadn't done before to win dares or piss off people.

"Why are you smiling like an idiot? Didn't you hear what I just said?"

"I heard you. Loud and clear." With the promise of revenge still sweet on his tongue, he swallowed up his pride and went to serve Billy and his girlfriend.

A.N: I decided to make Steve even a bigger asshole than he was at the show and to have them start on being enemies rather than friends so their relationship could be explored more and Steve could have a bigger character arc. Letting me know if you like this is a huge motivation for me to continue this, so if you want more be sure to let me know. Thanks for reading!

2. Chapter 2

Steve spent the next week being very nice to Robin. Toonice.

"Who are you and what have you done to Steve Harrington?" She asked him one day after he had volunteered to clean up the restrooms even though it was her turn. It made him smile. Robin avoided him like the plague; she would hardly ever look at him, let alone speak to him. He was making progress.

"Look at us, joking around like pals."

Her expression darkened immediately, her soft, barely-there smile becoming a distant memory. "We are not friends."

"That's okay." He leaned on the counter, bringing his face inches away from hers. "We don't have to be friends." He whispered without breaking eye contact. She had quite pretty eyes, blue like the summer sky. Too bad her face was nothing special.

"Fuck off, Harrington."

He gave her a smug grin and it didn't matter that she went to the storage -even though Steve knew they didn't need anything from it- with a disgusted grimace on her face. It didn't matter because her breath had hitched when he had her at a kissing distance.

Steve realized that being polite to her was pointless; she hated him far too much and was too stubborn to let herself like him. By shamelessly flirting with her he had made more progress in minutes than he had had the entire week. It is better that way, Steve thought. Love was difficult, even for him. Lust was a piece of cake.

Steve knew better than anyone the intrigue of the forbidden; humans always crave what they cannot have. That's why guys swarm a girl the moment they find out she is in a relationship even though they completely ignored her before. Going after something taken is a challenge few can resist. And even fewer are those who are immune to jealousy.

Show a girl that you are interested in her and then immediately go flirt with another girl. It is a guaranteed method of learning if the former has the hots for you. And if she isn't, well, at least you have the second one.

When a hot girl finally walked into the shop it was Robin's turn to serve her. Even better. "I'll take this one." He announced, leaving no room for arguments.

He stole a quick backward glance; Robin's eyes were glued on him. Showtime. "Ahoy! Would you like to set sail on this ocean of flavor with me? I'll be your captain. I'm Steve Harrington." He was certain he had delivered his lines with the same confidence and elegance that had made all the girls swoon in High School, but it seemed like it had fallen on deaf ears.

"Cool." The girl said, even though her expression made it very clear that she thought this situation was anything but cool. "Can I... um, have a scoop of chocolate, please?"

"Sure!" He said overenthusiastically, making himself cringe. What the hell was wrong with him? This usually worked wonders. "Here you go. And how about I give you my number to go with it, free of charge."

"No thanks. You can keep the change." It was obvious that she didn't want to spend another second in this place. Steve heard Robin laugh behind him. He had never heard her laugh before. It was a rich, throaty sound; nothing like the girly giggles he was so used to hearing. Under different circumstances, he would have considered this a victory. Making a girl laugh, especially one as serious as Robin, was a big deal. The only problem: She was supposed to laugh at something smart and charming he had said, not at him.

"Wow. That was horrible."

"Shut up. It wasn't that bad."

She couldn't stop laughing. It made Steve want to hit her, hit something. He felt his cheeks heat up. "Oh, it was. Trust me it was. She practically ran away screaming."

"It's this stupid outfit." He took the hat off his head and threw it across the room.

"First of, you are scaring the customers and second, we are responsible for the cleaning and maintenance of uniforms, so if I were you I would go pick it up."

"You know what, Robin? Since you are such an expert on flirting why don't you go try." He wasn't thinking clearly. He was too embarrassed and angry that this was who he was now; the creepy loser working at the ice-cream place when less than a year ago he used to be a king. Oh how far the mighty have fallen.

"Hit on a customer? No, thank you. Some of us would like to keep this job."

"Have you even had a boyfriend before? Probably not. I mean, look at you." He laughed cruelly. A part of him knew that what he was doing was wrong. The rest of him had spent his life bringing other people down whenever his pride was hurt. "I bet you are a virgin. Have you even kissed anyone?" He was being deliberately loud. Half of the customers were looking at them and the other half were pretending not to listen. "You don't get to judge me, freak."

Steve expected Robin to shout at him. Scream obscenities at his face. Hell, even hit him. She did neither of those things. She simply shook her head with disappointment and locked herself into the storage room. He bet that if he made five steps towards that direction he would have been able to hear if she was crying. He didn't bother. What did it matter?

She didn't come out for the rest of their shift leaving him to take care of the shop on his own. Steve didn't know if it was because she was a mess or if she simply wanted to spite him. Regardless, he didn't go get her, even when a line started forming and the customers angrily looked at their watches. He cleaned up all by himself, even though it was his least favorite task. Finally, when the place was tidied up and empty he knocked on the storage door. "I, um, have to lock for the night."

Steve waited and waited but nothing happened. "Robin." He tried

again, louder this time. Perhaps she hadn't heard him the first time. "Are you okay in there?" It was such a stupid question; he should seriously try thinking before talking for a change.

The door opened and they were brought face to face, a bit too close for Steve's comfort. From this point, he could clearly see that her eyes were red and puffy, despite Robin's best efforts to conceal that.

They walked side by side in the empty and dimly lit mall. Steve never having had the night-shift before, was quite shocked by how different the atmosphere was. He almost commented on it, before remembering that Robin hated him. For real now. And she had every reason to.

It's not like Steve wanted to be an asshole. It wasn't a choice. He simply couldn't help it. And despite pretending to be okay with it, to own it, sometimes it scared the shit out of him.

As if reading his thoughts Robin said in a quiet voice that echoed creepily in the empty mall, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Steve expelled a long breath. "Honestly, I don't know."

Robin hummed and it could have meant a million things.

At least she talked to me. I wouldn't have. I would have punched me in the face.

"It's raining." Robin gave him a look that said So? "You can't ride your bike in these conditions."

"Steve."

"Yeah?"

"Do us both a favor and stop pretending to care. You wanna be an asshole? That's fine by me. But for the love of God stop playing prince charming afterwards. I'm tired of your bipolar bullshit."

"I get it. You hate me." Steve shrugged as if it didn't bother him the slightest. It shocked him how much it did. "But I can't let you get on that bike. You could die."

Robin scoffed. "Wow. I can't fucking believe it. You are so full of yourself that you think I'll want you to give me a ride after embarrassing me in front of all these people, many of whom were my classmates. It's not like the girls didn't make fun of me already; now thanks to you they'll have even more things to mock me for. But now I can't be mad at you; you have offered me a fucking ride. How chivalrous of you."

Steve let her storm off out into the rain and mount her bike. He tried to convince himself to let her go, to not give a shit if she ends up dead in a ditch, but in the end, he knew he wouldn't have been able to sleep unless he was certain she made it home safe. He trailed her with his car, making his presence known by shining his lights on her to brighten the road. At some point he saw her give him the finger. He laughed despite himself. At some point, he watched her slow down and then eventually get off her bike and go inside a house, which he presumed was her own. Afterwards, he drove back home.

His father shouted at him for breaking curfew but he paid no attention at him. He was drained; emotionally more than physically. He had really hurt Robin. He feared there was nothing he could ever do to make her forgive him and not because of his stupid game. Because looking at her tear stained face had made something inside him -something he hadn't know he had and was pleased to discover- ache so intensely it knocked all breath out of him